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Songs of the Alps





SONGS OF THE ALPS

BY
LOUISE NELLIS FOSTER



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To My Villa Friends
at Rodi Fiesso
Switzerland



Songs of the Alps



A Memory



HERE dwells in my heart
Full many a song,
That sings to my soul
When the days are long.

One brings to me
An old-time dream
Of a cottage home
By a rippling stream.

A dream of glory
Ever dwells with me,
Bringing visions so bright,
Wherein I can see
The golden glow
Of deeds sublime,—
Love laurel crowned,
Throughout all time.

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My Villa Friends

To Madame Cappiani
Countess De Perlenfeldt
Madame St. John Mildmay



H, Friendship, thy name so dear,
With laurel now is crowned anew;
Two lives far past three score and ten,
With hands still clasped in love so true,
Have kept their tryst for fifty years,
While with sunshine bright and fair,
Hath mingled tears and sorrows too,
Paying Life's toll of earthly care.

One like a queen with stately grace,
Of genius rare and worth untold,
A voice whose liquid tones once bore
Her far from kindred's loving fold.
With fame that spread to distant lands,
Where royalty doth in homage bend,
Her gracious presence and gifts hath charmed
Alike both foe and loving friend.

The other, a woman of gentle mien,
Her noblest gift a loving heart,
A devotion that led to lands unseen,

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

For from her friend naught could her part.
With words of cheer in hours of gloom,
Rejoicing when success was won,
Each day a jewel to crown a love
That deepened with life's setting sun.

Two sisters they, in every thought,
Grown dearer as the years increase;
A comradeship and love so pure
Hath won a dower of lasting peace.
Now gliding down the stream of time,—
Though dimmed the dark eye and stately grace,—
With kindest care she doth ever guide
The weaker one in life's long race.

Oh, Friendship, blest be thy dear name,
That two such faithful hearts can beat
For half a century of old time,
While, with unfaltering feet,
They tread life's path with faith serene,
And watch the fading light
Of years roll by, each passing day
Glowing with friendship still more bright.

August 1907.
At Villa Cappiani,
Rodi Fiesso, Suisse.



The Snow Clad Alps



Villa Cappiani



HIGH in Switzerland's lofty mountains,
Cleft by Ticino's rushing stream,
Stands a Villa fair and stately;
Whose white walls so brightly gleam

'Gainst the forest's mighty pine trees,
Springing from the rugged steep,
Where the rocky crests, all snow capped,
Eternally their vigils keep.

Lovely meadows sloping downward,
Clad in deepest emerald green,
Fade against gray, yawning gorges,
While the river's glittering sheen,
Sparkling, rippling, rushing onward,
Strives to reach the vale below,
Where mighty boulders crowd its pathway,—
Hastening here the cataracts flow.

Range on range of loftiest mountains
Their hoary heads on high now rear,
Until lost in awe and wonder
You feel that Heaven is very near.
While in reverence, deep and holy,
You hear the Angelus ring o'er the vales,

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

Watch the mountains cast their shadows,
When the daylight slowly fails.

O'er the crests, now slowly gathering,
Crowning all with an aureole white,
Rests a veil of bride-like splendor,—
Then slowly fades from earthly sight.
At last pale Luna lights the heavens,
O'er all the heights enchantment throws;
Wraps the vales in silvery glory,
Where the glittering Ticino flows.

Gleaming white, this stately mansion
Like a wonder palace stands,
Beckoning with its snowy turrets,
Holding out its friendly hands,
Bestowing on all peace and comfort
That dwell in its protecting walls,—
Sends afar its cheery beacon
When night's shade o'er valley falls.

There you'll find a lovely hostess,
With sweet voice and gracious mien;
E'en the lowliest all adore her,
For like a princess she doth seem,
With a manner kind and gentle,
And a beauteous charm so rare.

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

Just to know her is to love her,
Chatelaine of this Villa fair.

There among her best beloved ones,
Lulled to rest by Nature's song,
Dwells a friend of many talents,
Surrounded by a happy throng.
Queen she is of song, and mistress
Of all that can pertain to art;
But the bond that binds the closest
Is her great and loving heart.

Floating high above this Villa,
Saluting e'en the Alps' white crest,
In triumph reigns our own "Old Glory,"
Fluttering near the "Eagle's Nest."
'Midst the grandeur of the mountains,
Or the enchantment of the vale,
May Freedom's emblem float forever
O'er Alpine snow and edelweis pale.



The Fairies' Revel



THE fairies are holding a revel
High up on the mountain side;
They're veiled by a snowy cloudlet,
Yet through it I have espied
Queen Mab on her throne to greet them,
All dressed in a gown of white,
Bedecked with gossamer and dewdrops,
For 'tis her birthday night.

Spinning, spinning, ever singing,
Round and round they go;
They dance to-night
By the stars' pale light,
While I watch them from below.

Here comes a gay procession,—
See, Mr. Puck is bending low,
Begs Mab for the honor,
That quickly he may go
And gather of the nectar
That nightly she doth sip,
Soon places now a dewdrop
Upon her ruby lip.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

Oh, such a pretty fairy,
A most bewitching elf,—
Puck espies her sitting
On a lily petal shelf.
With mischief he is teeming,
And slyly drops her comb,
All decked with lovely moonbeams,
Into the streamlet's foam.

While her loss so sad bemoaning,
A gallant gnome appears,
Grieves to see this fair one
Weep such bitter tears;
So quickly now descending
Upon a spider's web,
Soon deftly he has placed it
Upon her drooping head.

Gaily whirling round and round,
Showering each with petals gay,
Picking moonbeams off the grass,
Trilling soft their fairy lay,
Swinging on a spider's web,
Dipping wings in midnight dew,
Chasing afar the black bat,
When o'er their heads he flew,

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

Flitting, flitting, never sitting,
Round and round they go;
They dance all night,
By the stars' pale light,
While I watch them from below.

Queen Mab has grown aweary,
Yet far away must ride,
So quickly now she summons
The fairies to her side.
Upward her scepter raising,
The stars all disappear,
While slowly o'er the mountain
Comes daylight's charioteer.

The East, all flushed with glory,
A rosy light doth throw
Upon the rocky hillside,
And drifting clouds below.
The South Wind, softly sighing,
Floats them far away,—
Not a fairy can be seen there
At the dawning of the day.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

Flitting, flitting, never sitting,
Round and round they go;
They dance all night,
By the stars' pale light,
While I watch them from below.

July 29, 1907.
Rodi Fiesso, Suisse

The Legend of Ticino's Cascade



HE rides afar, he rides apace,
Peering through thicket and mountain waste,
Seeking the robber that's torn from his fold
His one ewe lamb, more precious than gold.

The "Curse of Ticino" the peasants fear,
Roamed from his fortress to the valley near.
There a maiden sits, culling fair lilies white,
To lay on the shrine of the Virgin to-night.

Swiftly he seized her and bore her away,
So rudely stilled her sweet mountain lay;
With a piercing shriek and anguished moan,
She is borne far away to his fortress home.

The father follows o'er bramble and brae,
Oft times losing his toilsome way,
Imploring the Virgin his child to save,
To reveal the secret of the outlaw's cave.

Oh, he rides awild, he rides apace!
Ever before him that pleading face
Of his child, as the bandit bore her past,
To hide in the wilds of the mountain fast.

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

"Onward, speed onward, good steed!" quoth he,
"By twilight, Ticino's vale I must see,
Or falling a prey to the mountain gloom,
Rest on the rock of 'Everyman's Doom.'"

His steed at last, with strength far spent,
Sides lashed with foam, feet sorely rent,
Reaches the rapids and sinks at the shrine
Where drooping lilies wither and pine.

Then with a sigh and heart rending tear,
He drops on his knees, filled with the fear
That his child has forever passed from his sight,
Borne o'er the mountain in the darkness of night.

When lo! through the spray of the rapids, appears
A wondrous vision, whose heavenly tears
Are balm to his sorrow, as she bids him arise,
Floating ever before him, stilling all sighs.

Beckoning him follow, through vales she doth
lead,
'Cross wide mountain gorges naught seems to
impede;
Until reaching the rock that Ticino divides,
She bears him safe o'er the cataract's sides.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

At last, resting near a rock-bound cave,
She bids him enter his child to save.
As she gently fades away from his sight,
He knows 'tis the Virgin that's led him this night.

As he enters the cave his weary child
(So rudely borne o'er the mountain wild)
Awakens with joy at her father's soft call;
But a prisoner bound, at his feet she doth fall.

The robber, appalled, rushes out to his doom,—
One blinding flash, and the cave's dark gloom
Glow with a radiance blinding his eyes,
While the father escapes with his captive prize.

Darker and darker grow the shadows around,
The mountains groan, while with awful sound
Black demons in dreaded shapes appear,
Holding revel o'er the robber's bier.

With a shriek echoing far o'er the water's roar,
He leaps 'neath the rock of the cave's dark door;
Headlong he dashes o'er the mountain's rough
way,
Falls on the rock 'neath the cataract's spray.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

There on the rock of "Everyman's Doom,"
When the shadows fall and the white mists loom,
Above falling waters you still can hear
That shriek of the robber so filled with fear.

Never again was his dread face seen
On mountain height or in valley so green.
Through the fortress now the peasant doth roam,
While "Ticino's Bridge" spans the cataract's foam.

His soul has passed in bitterest pain,
To pay its toll for ill-gotten gain;
While the lilies fair, at the Virgin's shrine,
No longer are left to wither and pine.

A Mountaineer's Love Song



WAKE! Awake! ye wild, wild braes,
My love is passing now;
With tripping feet,
And voice so sweet,
Before her all must bow.

Arise! Arise! ye lily bells,
Shake out your petals fair,
She soon will pass,
My mountain lass,
Bedecked with beauty rare.

Sing on! Sing on! O babbling brook,
As through the vale you go,
Ever so cheerily,
Singing so merrily,
Your song she murmurs low.

Look up! Look up! ye fairest flowers,
Let not vanity beguile,
No beauty can compare,
With my love so fair,
Or the sweetness of her smile.

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

Sigh on! Sigh on! O loving heart,
For now she comes so near,—
 So daintily tripping,
 Yes, lightly flitting,
Like fleetest mountain deer.

Frown on! Frown on! ye rocky cliffs,
Your shadows o'er me throw,
 Lest she discover,
 Her disconsolate lover,
Watching from the vale below.

Beat on! Beat on! O heart of mine,
With rapture all untold,
 For at last my love,
 Like the homing dove,
In my arms I now enfold.

Morning at Chateau Trevano

To Madame Louis Lombard



WHITE walls rising amidst the green
 Of forest, where wild birds flutter and preen,
 There shadows lie,
 Of mountain and sky,
 Reflected in the glittering sheen
 Of the lake below,
 Where the lilies grow
 On the banks of Ticino's lost stream.

Awake there the robins, as the sun's first ray
 Creeps o'er the summit of the mountain gray,—
 Hear them calling,
 Their mates enthralling
 With the cooing tones of their morning lay,
 Warbling a wild wood song,
 Thrilling it loud and long,
 Hailing the dawn of glorious day.

Flower faces uplifted of beauty rare,
 'Twere vain the rose and lily to compare.
 As gaily we ride
 O'er the mountain side,
 Naught in the world could be more fair.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

Wild columbine so sweet,
There daises and heather meet,
Blooming so freely in the mountain air.

Through branches green, stray sunbeams gleam,
Resting on brooklets where trout doth teem;
All Heaven rejoices,
While happy voices
Of children echo o'er lake and stream,
Gathering wild flowers,
Covering grotto and bowers,
Carroling a song from Nature's own theme.



The Monastery

The Cross on the Mountain Top



FOREVER beckoning upward,
Outlined against the sky,
Where in mystic splendor
The mountain shadows lie,
Towers high a cross of granite,
Betokening in its might
How God's boundless mercy
Saved a soul from endless night.

A worn and weary traveler
Toiled up this mountain gray,
'Til, with feet torn and bleeding,
And strength far spent, he lay
Bereft of hope and courage,
Lost on the mountain wild,
While there in ghostly outline,
Night's shadows past him filed.

With one despairing effort
The Saviour's name he spoke,
In deathly weakness striving
God's protection to invoke.
Painfully his hand upraising,

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

(Knowing well that earthly loss
Leads unto the gates of Heaven)
He makes the sign of the cross.

When suddenly 'round about him
He sees a soft light shine;
There, walking in its radiance,
Nearer comes the Man divine,
Who in His arms now bears him
Adown the mountain side,—
Leaves him at the threshold,
Where his loved ones doth abide.

An over-powering stupor
Lulls to rest his pain and fear,
Wraps his soul in deepest slumber,
While this vision rises clear:
High up on the mountain,
He sees the Saviour bending low,
Who in pity gently raises
Weary man from earthly woe.

Now a granite cross is gleaming,
Where the sun's last crimson ray
Sends afar bright shafts of glory,
Resting there till close of day;

SONGS OF THE ALPS

While the dweller in the valley
At twilight turns his face above,
Lost in worship, awe and wonder,
At the Father's boundless love.

A Lullaby



ANGEL wings are rustling nigh,
Rustling nigh,
Sweetest dreams they bring to me,
Singing low this melody:
Wake not, little one,
Sleep, my pretty one,
While in Mother's arms you lie.
Angels guard thee,
Naught can harm thee.
Lullaby, Lullaby.

Softly close thy sleepy blue eye,
Sleepy blue eye.
Angel faces in dreams now see,
Hear them chant in harmony;
Wake not, little one,
Sleep, my pretty one,
While in Mother's arms you lie.
Angels guard thee,
Naught can harm thee.
Lullaby, Lullaby.

My Mountain Girl



AUGHING eyes of midnight hue,
Hair of raven darkness too,
A voice whose cadence ever brings
Music fresh from Nature's springs.

Tripping lightly round she goes,
Bringing balm to earthly woes,
Speaking words of sunny cheer,
Where black shadows dark heads rear.

With a grace that's all her own,
Like the birds she's southward flown,
Roaming afar from the dear home nest,
Resting awhile near the Alps' white crest.

Toiling upward to loftiest heights,
Fearing no danger in eager flight,
Though eagles flutter in their nest,
Courage ne'er falters nor the merry jest.

Scaling the rocks near St. Gothard's peak,
Ever higher a way doth seek,
'Till at the pinnacle turns her face
To behold the wonders of infinite grace.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

Outlined against the cloud-flecked sky,
With matchless grace and eager eye
She gazes afar o'er lake and dell,
In wonder bound by Nature's spell.

Adown the mountain, across the stream,
O'er brooks where speckled trout doth teem,
Hastening near the cataract's brink,
Stopping at wayside shrines to think;

Listening to rushing waters roar
O'er rocky bowlders as they pour
A mighty volume of seething foam,
With mists thrown high to mountain dome.

Resting now on Prato's Hill,
Where in the church so calm and still
The waxen candles flicker and flare,
While weary peasants kneel in prayer.

Around St. Gotherd's winding way,
Whose tunnels twining through mountains gray,
Bespeak the wondrous skill of man,
That's pierced the Alpine's mighty span.

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

Lingering in Faido's lovely vale,
Where Ticino's voice has ceased to wail,
Whose hillside now fair villas adorn,
Where once resounded the shepherd's horn;

Regaining at last the narrow trail,
Stopping to pluck the heather pale,
She reaches now the ruins tall,
With moss-grown seats and crumbling wall.

O'er rustic bridge that "Little Falls" span,
There resting to let cool breezes fan
Her heated brow ere she passes on
To the trysting place by the lily pond.

Now, ringing through the silence deep,
She hears the shepherd's call on the steep,
While the hoot of an owl from overhead
Hastens her footsteps' homeward tread.

When fair Rodi she reaches at last,
Night drawing near, the day far past,
To greet her coming the flag we unfurl,
For all love our dark-eyed mountain girl.

The Legend of the Broken Image



NEAR the church on Prato Hill,
Screened by overhanging vines,
Is a monastery gray and old,
Sheltered by the clustering pines,

Within, many treasures lie,
Shrined in sacred niches deep,—
One an image of our Saviour,
On his mother's breast asleep.

Near the shoulder of the Virgin
You can see a shadowy line
Tradition says was made there
By a miracle divine.

Once a child within this chamber
By a fever stricken lay,
Tenderly cared for by the sisters,
Yet slowly fading day by day.

On Holy Night the child lay sleeping,
Seemingly in peaceful rest,

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

The watchers in the chapel praying
For a Christmas morning blest.

But in pain she soon awakens,
Parched with thirst the fevered lip,
Weakly grasps a cup so near her,
That the water she may sip.

As she feels her strength now failing,
And the cup falls to the floor,
With a cry of deepest anguish
She doth the Virgin's aid implore.

Then so gently was she uplifted,
By some loving unseen hand,
To her lips was pressed the water,
While thus sang an angel band.

 "Slumber, O little one,
 Sweetly now rest,
 For this is the night,
 By the Christ child blest."

Peacefully she lay asleeping
When the watchers came that night,
The fever passed, while near her, shining,
Was a wondrous mystic light.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

In the niche above the threshold,
Looking down with eyes so mild,
Was an armless broken image,—
Beside her lay the Holy Child.

While across the weary sleeper,
Gleaming with a radiance divine,
Lay the arm of the Holy Mother,
In her hand the sacred sign.



The Mountain Shepherd's Lay



S o'er the heights I wend my way,
Thro' rocky paths and bracken gray,
I hear the calling of the wild,
I feel the mountain breezes mild;

The roaring of the torrents near
Is music to my listening ear.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

Now springing up the rugged steep,
Forth I lead my faithful sheep;
On mossy slopes they now recline.
Above me swings wild columbine.
I drink the nectar from the flower
That decorates my mountain bower.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

Below me rolls Ticino's stream,
Reflecting bright the sunlight's gleam.
I watch my sheep now grazing near,
The lambkins frisking free from fear;
They know my voice and heed my call,
If danger in their pathway fall.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

The sun drops o'er the mountain crest,—
'Tis time the weary lambkins rest;
Now gently leading them along,
Helping the weak, urging the strong,
I lightly go my homeward way,
Singing ever my mountain lay:
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

And when with joy we reach the gate,
With cheery call I greet my mate,
As twilight falls around us fast,
Snug in their folds all lie at last;
Secure the haven, and sweet the rest,
In the shepherd's lofty mountain nest.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la.



The Mountain Shepherd



A Mountain Maid's Lament



H! young love sang merrily
As he passed my way,
Thinking he could lure me
To join his foolish lay.

Ah! young love has tempted me,
With arts he knows full well.
Blindly, now, I follow him,
As he roams o'er hill and dell.

Alas! young love's aweary now,
His fancy no more free.
Lonely now I weep and moan,
For love's deserted me.

Song of the Mountain Stream



HATTERING, babbling, murmuring along,
Trickling through rocks that the hillsides
throng,
Rushing adown the fields of green,
Forever goes, singing, the mountain stream;

Whispering words now soft and low,
Purling along where bright flowers grow,
Dashing 'gainst rocks that check its way,
Until in fury they often flay

Those quiet waters till lashed to foam,
They voice their anger in sullen moan,—
Then dashing and roaring through the vale,
They end in the cataract's mighty wail.

There tossing its spray to the mountain peak,
Ever returning and striving to seek
A path through the rocks that defy its way,
How changed is the tone of the streamlet's lay.

Does it sing of the havoc it brings in spring?
When the north wind blows and no living thing

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S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

Can withstand the fury, as it rushes adown,
Covering valley, hamlet and town.

Then winding again through meadows green,
Flashing waters whose glittering sheen
Enriches the vale once punished so sore,
Healing the wounds so madly it tore.

With no upward glance to the heights forsook,
Forever goes, murmuring, this puzzling brook,—
Chattering, babbling through field and dell,
Striving, ever striving some message to tell.

Thus ever our lives go rippling along,
Some like the current, deep and strong,
Dashing 'gainst rocks or through valleys gay,
Hastening, all hastening, to life's last day.

To Mary



MAID of the dark brown eyes
 So wistful, soft and tender,
 How shall I greet thee,
 Whene'er I meet thee,
 How thy charms in story render?
 Maid of the locks so fair,
 Round thy white brow entwining,
 Tell me what words to say,
 Teach me some sonnet gay,
 To ease my heart's repining.

Knowest where fair flowers blow,
 Where the garden they doth grace?
 I am sure they all must know
 Where the loveliest flowers grow,
 In thy mirror, maid, behold the place.
 Hands that ever helpful are,
 Burdens lighten when you pass,
 Many friends shall love thee well,
 Lovers fall beneath thy spell,
 Thou 'rt so kind, O bonnie lass.

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SONGS OF THE ALPS

Maid with the sunny smile,
Dost ever grow downhearted?
Is there ever a cloud to bar,
Or passing frown to mar
Thy joyous face, since last we parted?

Maid, through all the coming years,
May thy path be strewn with flowers,
Care take flight from thee,
Blessings brighten for thee,
Long dwell in love's sunny bowers.

August 2, 1907.
Rodi Fiesso,
Suisse Alps.

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The Little Church on Prato Hill



WANDERING o'er the white road,
Passing through meadows gay,
Soon you reach a hillside,
Near the middle of the way.

There high upon a pinnacle
Stands a modest little church,
Outlined against the forests
Of mountain pine and birch.

Circling 'round about it,
Towering high on every side,
The Alps with crowns of glory,
Eternally there abide.
Many shrines stand near it,
Where the devout kneel and pray,
Banishing thoughts of evil,
Or Mammon's bitter fray.

High in the old stone tower
Swings out a sweet-toned bell,
That speaks the passing hour
To those on hill or in dell.

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

As the sun sinks o'er the mountain,
Sweetly the Angelus rings,
Calling to rest the weary,
While peace to their souls it brings.

Passing in from the sunlight
Through the portal's open door,
Its quiet peace now lulls you,
While Ticino's distant roar
Has the sound of many voices,
Striving their song to raise
In grand, harmonious chorus,
A hymn to the Redeemer's praise.

Clouds on the Mountain



LITTLE clouds up yonder,
No bigger than yer han',
Spreads out mighty quickly
While the hebbens you scan,

But dar shinin' behin' it
Thru a little space,
You can see the sunshine
Like God's eternal grace.

All aroun' de edges
Now gleams the brightest gold,
Crowding out de shadows,
Like that day foretold.
E'en the darkest places
He can make so bright,
For if de Lord's your sunshine,
Dar can be no night.

When the clouds are blackest,
Heart is filled wid gloom,
Thinking in your sorrow
Joy can hab no room,
Den you call on Jesus,

S O N G S O F T H E A L P S

An' you soon will find
He will bring de sunshine
Dat seemed left behind.

Just you look up yonder
When clouds am big an' dark,
An' think how dar above it
Ever sings the merry lark.
Soaring o'er de cloud top,
He trusts de Father's care,
For behind de cloud's de blessing,
Same as when de day is fair.

Orpheus' Resting Place



ORPHEUS through the world went sighing,
Searching the earth for a resting place,
Where in peace, when he lay dying,
He still could behold fair Music's face.

His wondrous gift all men enthralling,
Sought by many with outstretched hands,
Hope's siren voice forever calling,
Echoing far through distant lands.

At last grown weary and fast despairing
Of finding one worthy this noble art,
Through a vale he passes, still upward bearing
The lute whose strains are enshrined in his heart.

When Lo! before his eyes reclining,
On the mirrored bosom of Luguano's Lake,
Is the longed-for goal his soul is pining,
Where this gift shall rest for Art's sweet sake.

With vision once dim, but now unclouded,
He beholds afar on the mountain side
A fairy palace by mists enshrouded,—
A haven where his spirit may ever abide.

SONGS OF THE ALPS

There richest gifts freely bestowing
On all who in this palace dwell,
The God of Music (to all unknowing),
Holds them for aye in his magic spell.

Afar throughout the world now sending
Noble gems from Music's fair home,
To harmony's votaries ever lending
Inspiration, if here they roam.

Gifted with song and arts ennobling,
Radiating afar thoughts strong and pure,
Genius here its power unfolding,
Creates great works that shall endure.

"God of Music!" Thy harmonies keep ringing
Around that home on Lugano's fair shore,
To thy chosen disciple ever bringing
Riches untold from thy musical lore.

To Louis Lombard,
Lake Lugano,
Suisse.

Mountain Philosophy



REET the morning with a smile,
And like the sunlight's flickering ray,
Lurking shadows 'twill beguile,
Bringing pleasure to the day.

Though the sky be darkly clouded,
With scarce a gleam of Heaven's blue,
Though the heights in mists are shrouded,
Soon the glory will break through,

Lightening up the darkest landscape,
Driving lowering clouds afar,
Sending o'er the vale and mountain,
Shafts of Heaven's golden bar.

Thus the face that greets the coming
Of the day, with smiles so bright,
Awakes the sun of hope and gladness,
Scattering far the clouds of night.

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